
Lunar Tan at the Beltane Fires

by Leigh Steele

In the springtime, old toes molt
And the red blood of Pistachios colour
My bedfellow's palms and fingertips
Wart on my heel
From waltzing on toads
I've sold my soul
I know not to who
Strange as it seems
Strangers seem stranger to me
Skin is milked and moons are blue
Moonlighting in the sun isn't good for you